Viewer Discretion Is Advised

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by abbymyg

Summary

Jack hides cameras in Hannibal's house because Will is not telling him anything useful to catch the ripper. He ends up finding something different that what he expected.

For the bingo fill: hidden recording device.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Jack is tired. Will is not getting him anything concise, anything they can use to arrest Hannibal Lecter, and Jack is growing more and more desperate. Especially after Will killed and mutilated Randall Tier (Christ), he only has so much time before Kade Prunell comes knocking. So, the next time he gets invited to Hannibal's place for dinner, he has a plan.

Jack waits until Hannibal is distracted in the kitchen, adding the final details to the dessert to excuse himself to the bathroom. Will is also there, seated at the table and finishing the last few drops of his glass of wine. Jack thinks for a moment of telling him what he is planning to do, but something makes him decide against it. Call it instinct. He has to admit some part of him still doubts Will's loyalty.

So, he walks down the hall to the bathroom and opens the door loudly, turns the light, then as slowly and silently as he can closes it again. He reaches for the mini spy cameras and microphones he hid in his pockets before coming here. When shopping for them, it surprised him how small and inexpensive the spy electronics were. It's kind of scary, it surely will make him look over a room twice when renting a motel room.

He walks down the hall again and deposits one of the camera and microphone combinations in the foyer. The door to the dining room is open, and Jack's heart beats fastly, but Will doesn't notice his presence. He wishes he could hide a camera in the kitchen as well, but that isn't possible right now. So, he goes back into the hall and hides one there, just in case, then walks upstairs.

He's never been on the upper floor of the house and it takes him a moment to understand the layout. He doesn't know how useful it'll be to hide cameras or microphones there—if Hannibal is murdering people, it's much easier doing it downstairs or in a basement, than carrying a dead body upstairs. He hasn't seen an entry for a basement anywhere, though. Just to be safe, he hides more of the spying equipment in the hall, Hannibal's room, and his study.

Satisfied with his work, he goes back downstairs, to the bathroom and turns off the light, then closes the door loudly and walks to the dining room. He makes it just as Hannibal walks into the room with dessert. He sighs in relief.

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Days pass and Jack's cameras don't get him any useful information. He sees Hannibal reading in his office, calling patients, and eating in his dining room but, without eyes on the kitchen, he doesn't see anything interesting. Yet, he keeps watching and keeps listening, until one night something changes.

The camera hidden in the foyer catches movement and Jack quickly touches the notification on his phone. His screen lights up with the footage of Will walking inside the room right before Hannibal. The quality of the small camera is so good he can even see the men's reddened cheeks—-like he said, scary—-caused by the heavy winds outside.

As soon as Hannibal closes the door behind him, he pushes Will against the wall and Jack jumps from his chair. He almost reaches for his coat and his car keys to go save Will, but then

he hears Will laugh. He frowns and turns back to look at the phone screen.

“Desperate, are we, Doctor Lecter?” he says in a teasing tone Jack has never heard him speak before. It’s almost flirty.

“You’ve been teasing me all day, Will,” Hannibal says, and Jack’s heart sinks as the psychiatrist starts unbuttoning Will’s coat. “You’re asking for it.”

Will chuckles again and allows Hannibal to continue, not moving away from his touch. As Hannibal unbuttons and removes Will’s coat, Jack watches the way Will’s hands travel down Hannibal’s back and out of range from the camera. The coat drops to the floor and Jack bites his lip in anger, doing his best to keep himself from screaming to not disturb Bella’s rest, as Will wraps his arms around Hannibal’s neck to kiss him.

Jack feels sick. His chest hurts as if someone punched him in it. He wants to stop watching, yet he wants to see more, too. He needs to know what the hell is going on. He needs answers.

The quality of the microphones is insanely good as well if the way it catches the sound Will makes against Hannibal’s lips is anything to go by. They separate for a moment to catch their breath, and then Hannibal's hands are opening Will's shirt, as he kisses the empath’s neck.

Jack feels like throwing up, his whole world turned upside down. Will isn’t on his side anymore, he is on Hannibal’s. His mind tries to tell him it might just be Will’s plan to seduce Hannibal and get information, yet he knows it’s far-fetched.

Will moans loudly and Jack sees Hannibal’s hand sneaking inside his pants. He can’t look anymore. He turns off the phone and leaves it on the bed. He lets out a long sigh and hides his face in his hands. He’ll need a new plan now, but first, he needs a drink.

At the other end of Baltimore, Hannibal is still kissing and leaving marks on Will's neck, unaware they were being spied on. He finally removes Will’s shirt and the boy brings their mouths together again in a kiss filled with hunger and longing. Their bodies press closer and they both groan.

“Please,” Will begs, panting. “Please.”

“What do you need, Will?” Hannibal asks, taking his earlobe between his teeth and tugging it lightly.

“You,” Will replies. “I need you inside of me, right now,” he declares.

Hannibal smiles and leans forward to press his mouth to Will’s once more. Then he pulls away and undoes his belt. Will does the same, lowering his pants in a hurry, just enough to free his cock and ass. He doesn’t even wait for Hannibal to ask him to turn around as usual, just does. It speaks volumes to how desperate he is today. Hannibal chuckles behind him but doesn’t taunt him, equally as desperate to fuck Will.

“I don’t have any lube on me, Will,” he warns him, yet pushes a finger dry inside of him anyway.

Will whines, but he's used to the sensation for it to bother him too much. "If you make me wait just a second more I'm going to kill you."

Hannibal laughs and obliges, pushing a second and third finger inside of him. Will moans and he's almost sure that his nails are leaving marks on the wall. Hannibal grins behind him, satisfied. He's already got Will moaning his name, pushing his butt against his fingers to fuck himself on them, and a low growl escaping him every time Hannibal hits a certain spot inside him.

"Please," he begs again, and the sounds he makes are too obscene for Hannibal to make him wait anymore.

He frees his erection from his pants and gives himself a few strokes, his cock already dripping precum. He doesn't waste time, grabbing Will's hips and pulling him close to his body to thrust inside him in one go.

Will lets out another moan of pleasure and reaches to grab Hannibal's butt as if to help Hannibal fuck him. Hannibal complies and thrusts harder. Will tightens his grip on his hipbone, whimpering. His eyes close and his head falls back. Hannibal smirks and continues fucking him, faster and harder, driving Will wild, moans and whimpers filling the room.

Finally, a loud cry escapes Will's lips as he comes, hard, with Hannibal still deep inside him. Will clenches his thighs, shivering as his legs shake and Hannibal is forced to wrap his arms around his waist to prevent him from falling. Hannibal keeps moving, hitting Will's overstimulated prostate, and comes inside of him just a few seconds later.

They stay in that position for a couple of minutes as they recover their breath. Hannibal peppers kisses across Will's neck and back, making Will sigh in contentment. But then he laughs, breaking the moment.

"What is it, my love?" Hannibal asks, nuzzling his cheek.

"I was just thinking," he says, shaking his head. "Imagine if Jack saw us, if he knew what the agent supposedly working to catch the Chesapeake Ripper is *actually* doing." He chuckles.

Hannibal chuckles as well. "Imagine."

End Notes

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